THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THE mortal remains of the late Charles Dickens were consigned to an appropriate resting place on Monday last. He sleeps with the other illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. In accordance with his often expressed wishes, the utmost simplicity was observed in the performance of the last sad rites, which were accomplished in the presence only of the nearest relations and a very few intimate friends.

It is seldom that the Arts get such a turn as they did in the Hunt Cup at Ascot:—Judge, 1; Raffaelle, 2; Sweet Sound, 3. Criticism, Painting, and Music, all honourably placed.

The Great Western Railway authorities have provided barouche and brougham cabs at Paddington, which ply for hire at the rate of 9d. per mile, or 2s. 6d. per hour. The vehicles are of the most comfortable description.

Mr. Toole will take his annual benefit at the Gaiety Theatre on Monday next, the 20th inst. The programme announced for the occasion is ample, and of the most attractive character. It comprises Mr. H. J. Byron's drama of "Uncle Dick's Darling;" Mr. Tom Taylor's comic drama of "Our Clerks;" Offenbach's opera bouffe, "The Princess of Trebizonde;" and Mr. J. M. Morton's popular farce of "The Steeple Chase." In each of these pieces Mr. Toole will sustain characters in which he has earned general admiration; and when it is known that he will appear in London nine times only after the night of the benefit until Christmas next, we may safely predict an overflowing house on the night of the 20th.

The most admired toilettes in the private enclosure over against the Royal Stand at Ascot were those which by "quaintness" of "carving" redeemed the boldness of their colour. There was one of a very yellow yellow, the pure tint of the calceolarea bloom, everything matched, even to the parasol. Only a very few trains were to be seen. One dress of this kind, elaborately made, was of black and white silk; another was striped with chocolate on buff; and a third was pale mauve with Brussels lace. The chocolate tint, as a trimming, was very frequent, and, in almost every instance, effective. Pale blue, almost the light cerulean Cambridge colour, slaty grey, and amber, were rather common hues; and in one instance the grey, being a shade deeper and at the same time more lustrous than surrounding tints of the kind, was well bestowed as a mantle or upper dress on a petticoat of rich cerise approaching to magenta. In the judicious blending of black lace with a singularly-coloured skirt of satin, best described as of sea-green tint deepening into sun-lit blue, one of the best harmonies was observable; while for bold and successful contrast a sash and broad bow of pure yellow on a violet dress deserves especially to be mentioned.

At a sale of autographs in Paris, a couple of days ago, about sixty letters written by Lamartine in his youth were brought to the hammer. Some of them describe very vividly his impecunious condition, and give proof that he once actually perpetrated a vaudeville. A sketch of himself at twenty in verse shows, together with his gift for rhyming, a fund of humour of which his later productions are utterly destitute; it is worth quoting:—

"Visage ovale,
Œil enfoncé,
Teint noir et pâle,
Sourcil froncé,
Habit percé,
Marche inégale,
Regard baissé;
La faim le guide,
Et tristement,
Il va portant
Sa bourse vide
A tout venant."

The *Figaro* asks how it is that such very private letters are sold by auction, and thinks it is not quite decorous; but decorum, sales by auction, *infelix paupertas*, and the *Figaro* itself have little in common.

It is said that a duel has taken place at Athens between M. Koroneos and General Soutzo. It arose from M. Koroneos telling the General that he considered him in partnership with the brigands. As the result of this "affair of honour" is not mentioned, it may be inferred that Greece has not lost the services of these heroes, with whom it is no doubt a case of "*chou vert*" and "*vert chou*."

Le Nord says that Mr. Cumming, against whom a warrant has been issued in connection with the charge of personating women, went to Brussels immediately after the arrest of Park and Boulton, and put up at one of the best hotels. As, however, he had no papers, and could not give evidence as to his means of existence, he was requested to leave the country. The *Nord* adds that when he was called upon he had his hair in curl papers, and that portraits in which he and a friend were represented in women's clothes were found in his rooms.

It may amuse our play-going readers to see what Paris spent for places at the theatres during the month of May:—Opéra, 143,681f. 75c.; Gaité, 83,708f. 75c.; Opéra Comique, 74,888f. 75c.; Théâtre Français, 61,802f. 89c.; Gymnase, 59,520f. 50c.; Palais Royal, 49,538f. 00c.; Variétés, 47,817f. 50c.; Bouffes-Parisiens, 41,255f.50c.; Port-Saint-Martin, 39,553f. 35c.; Vaudeville, 39,369f. 00c.; Lyrique, 37,021f. 50c.; Folies, Dramatiques, 28,814f. 25c.; Odéon, 22,068f. 85c.; Ambigu, 11,177f. 75c.

A good story is told *àpropos* of brigandage in Greece. One of the military commanders having offered a reward for each brigand's head brought in, the supply soon became so extensive that suspicions were aroused. Inquiry was set on foot, and disclosed the fact that, with an eye to the main chance, the so-called brigand-hunters made raids into neighbouring villages, plundered them, and then turned the heads of their victims to account.

Any one who rises early enough just now may see what a dog can do in Jermyn-street. A lad, who is charged with delivering newspapers, rings the bell and rushes on to the next door, leaving the dog to deliver the paper. By the time he has rung the bell there the animal has come up with him, and is ready to deliver the next batch of papers.

Calembredaine en dialogue:—

"La petite Machinette a deux amants qui répondent tous deux au nom de Paul."

"Croyez-vous qu'elle marche vite, Mademoiselle Machinette?"

"Dans la même journée elle va d'un pôle à l'autre."

Performance of a Three-year-old (authentic):—

"Pray God bless papa and mamma, and—Aunt Jane—if you like—*I* don't much care, for she is a BEAST."

In Court:—

SERJEANT BUZFUZ.—You may stand down, sir; and I must say you are no fool.

WITNESS.—I wish I could return the compliment, Serjeant, but, as you have reminded me, once or twice, *I am upon my oath.*

Touching and irresistible was that invitation of the rustic maiden to her swain:—"Come over and see me; we have a new lamp at our house that we can turn down, down, down, until there isn't scarcely a bit of light in the room."

Last week the discovery of a worsted glove, quite whole and fresh, in the stomach of a good-sized fish caused at first quite a sensation. A young man, however, upon seeing the glove, at once recognised it as belonging to a friend of his, who had left it in one of the boats a few weeks back. It had probably been tossed overboard, and swallowed by this hungry cod as a new dish.

A Charleston paper heads its fashionable intelligence, "Our Chignon."

"Great success of *The Gentleman in Black!*" read Mrs. Partington. "Ah, no wonder in this crowded city. Continually going about like a cockatoo's egg!"

Marshal Prim has made a declaration to the Cortes to the effect that he endeavoured to obtain a sovereign for Spain *in four quarters*, but failed. Would not two half-sovereigns have done as well? Four crowns was a little too much to expect.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Rate for the best paper. Inquire of Parkins & Gotto.

An incident of the return from the Grand Prix:—Latter-Day Lais and Phryne were crawling along at a snail's pace in a Victoria (*cela va sans dire*), and behind them a hungry-looking, gaunt, grey horse, dragging a sort of prediluvian buggy. Well, there came a short pull-up all along the line, and the grisly beast in the buggy-shafts got his chance, projected his heavy head over the back of the Victoria, and took off Mademoiselle Phryne's highly-ornamented head-dress at one fell snap. There was a hilarious shout, of course, renewed when the grey dropped the delusive greens; but the lady made no attempt at recovery, and drove on, *suâ virtute se involvendo.*

On Monday, the Old White Horse Inn, and half-way house to Croydon, after standing for centuries, was doomed to demolition. The license to this house was granted in the reign of Henry VIII., under very novel and stringent conditions, but which have long since been discontinued. A Royal grant of land was made for a public horse-pond, and which remained till a recent period. A new inn of modern style is to be built on the old site on which the White Horse Tavern stood.

Early on Friday morning, at Queenstown, one of the most singular acts in the annals of self destruction was perpetrated by a large dog of Russian breed, but who since his arrival in this country has been attached to the Cunard tender "Jackal." Poor Ney was a dog of amiable but eccentric habits, misanthropical at times, and given to solitary rambles in the country, on which he sometimes absented himself for days at a time. He was a great favourite with the crew, and never, so long as he was within hearing of the signal whistle, deserted his post on board the tender, in which he from time to time visited every vessel of the line. He was acquainted with every cook in the Cunard service, and made it his first duty on boarding to pay his respects to his culinary patrons who regaled him with eleemosynary paunch. The animal was particularly inoffensive and gentle, and had made many friends, especially among juvenile Queenstown. What prompted Ney to the dreadful deed must remain a matter of conjecture, as it is now impossible to say whether it ensued from that "mind diseased" which may afflict dogs as well as men, or whether it was simply a question of fleas, and hide and patience outraged beyond canine endurance. This much only is certain that Ney had formed an attachment to a female poodle in the household of a gentleman residing on the beach, and that on the previous evening he had been observed returning from the neighbourhood of the dwelling, with tail depressed, and what may be described as a general hang-dog expression of gait and countenance. It is surmised that the poor fellow had had a love quarrel with the object of his affection and had received his *congé* in a fashion which had driven him to distraction. To aggravate his misery, he was encountered on his way home by some lounging curs, who, after the custom of their kind, mocked his forlorn aspect in a most insulting manner. The afflicted creature unwisely retaliated, a scuffle ensued, in which however numbers and brute force prevailed, and Ney came off with a severe drubbing. Driven to madness by this fresh humiliation, which he probably feared would come to the ears of Poodleina, he fled to the beach, and howling a farewell to all his friends, threw himself into the sea. Several spectators, among them a principal officer of the "Jackal," struck with the extraordinary behaviour of the dog, rushed into the water and attempted to drag him out, but the animal, deliberately evading every grasp, plunged again and again beneath the water, through which he was observed clutching the bottom with his paws, as if in desperate endeavour to hurry his death, while more than once, on coming, despite his struggles, to the surface, he snapped savagely at the hands outreached to save him. The men, thinking the dog mad, at length retired to land and left him to his fate, which he soon achieved, and sank to rise no more, leaving behind him many regrets, and a reputation for suicidal resolve eclipsing that fabled to the scorpion.

The Optimist.

HOT, eh? Well, I should rather think it was hot, and you, and every one else one meets, grumbling and growling at this most delicious seasonable weather, is enough to drive one from a mild perspiration to a hundred and fifty pulse fever. All the grass burnt up; won't be any hay! Won't there? Well, I don't eat it, and, what is more, keeping no horses or cattle of any kind, don't require it. But I do go to Hurlingham and Ascot, and, not being an umbrella maker, don't want rain. But the country does sadly—does it? Everything parched and burnt up for want of water—is it? Well, I dare say it may be, but I had ducklings and green peas yesterday, with strawberries for dessert: the peas were sweet and tender enough, and the strawberries large, fine-flavoured, and simply delicious. But they must be frightfully dear—must they? Well, I dare say they were, and are; for when, in the name of goodness, did you ever hear of them, or, indeed, anything that was nice, being cheap. No, the fact is, now we happen to have had, and have, fine lovely summer weather, everybody must go running about, like mad dogs in the dog days, with their tongues out, and panting sides, and frantically exclaiming, "Now did you ever feel anything like this heat?" But corn will be so dreadfully dear, the wheat wants rain to fill it out—does it? Well, depend upon it, rain or no rain, the bakers will anyhow take care to keep up the price of the quartern loaf. Rain or no rain won't cheapen that. Why, if by chance we should have rain, then it will be said that all the corn-fields have been beaten down, and all that was wanted was a continuance of the fine warm weather we had had previously. No, I have no patience with such want of appreciation of such beautiful weather as that which we are enjoying. Besides, I own to a weakness for pic-nics and boating parties: and on Monday next my excellent friends, Mrs. and the Misses Island Eels, give their annual charming breakfast on the lawn of their villa, "The Pepper-boxes," Teddington. Gunter always supplies the breakfast, and, hot as the weather might be, I never yet knew it too hot to permit of my enjoying Les cotellettes d'anguilles à la Twickenham, or pudding glacée aux annanas, for which I have a singular predilection, and which I never, by any chance, yet found to disagree with me, providing I could only get as much as I required, and took no more. Now, should we have rain—should all the world's wish be gratified—Monday next would be a black and blank Monday at the "Pepper-boxes," and the lovely lawn as swampy as the banks of the Swan River. Besides, the breakfast will be, of course, indefinitely postponed, and, having no other engagement for next Monday, should have nothing left me but to run down to Little Puddlecomb, and see my young ward, who is at the Grammar School there, and have the pleasure of giving him a tip; or else pass the whole day in chambers, dining off a mutton-chop and potato, and then forced to expend currency in the charter of a damp four-wheeler to some theatre, instead of being, as I otherwise should, smoking my cigarette and sipping Mocha with Maraschino, under the drooping ash-tree, whose leaves are washed by the silvery Thames, as it glides by the lawn of the "Pepper-boxes;" and where I should be listening to the fascinating conversation of that clever widow, Mrs. Island Eel, or else spinning through a waltz with her beautiful and graceful daughter, the charming Albertina, or enchanted by the dulcet strains of Mary Matilda, warbling the "Last Rose of Summer," from the drawing-room beyond. Why can't you be content with what you have, and which really cannot be improved: fine, glorious, lovely, delightful, warm weather? If it is too hot for you,—which, however, I doubt its being,—pull down your blinds and shut your windows—keep out light and the hot air, as they do in all sunny climes. Don't drink anything you dislike, and only as much as you like of what you do. If you must go out of doors, keep on the shady side of the streets, and, above all, should you by any chance meet me, don't worry or bother me, or drive me into a fever perspiration by such futile, dyspeptic exclamation as, "Oh! isn't it hot? When shall we have rain! The whole country is burnt up. No hay—corn all destroyed—and everything at famine prices the coming winter."

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

CAUGHT IN A MESH.

PETITE COMEDY—IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personæ:—

SIR HARRY LEE.	MRS. VERNON.
MABEL (his wife).	JOHN THOMAS.

SCENE.—*Lady Lee's Boudoir.*

Mabel (*knitting*). One stitch more and I've done. (*Rings.*)

Enter JOHN THOMAS.

—Has any one called from Hancock's?

John Thomas. No, my lady.

Mabel. How provoking! You must send down again at once. [*Exit* JOHN THOMAS.

—I ought to have taken the first tassels they sent. It is past nine; Harry must have nearly finished dressing, and will be sure to come in before all is ready. There will be another day lost. (*Rises.*) To make a purse on the sly for one's husband would seem to most people, I suppose, a little romantic, if not a little ridiculous. After a whole year of married life too! How Mrs. Vernon would laugh at me! Will *he* laugh? Well, he may laugh at my little mystery, but he will certainly not laugh at my little present. If he were to ask why the present could not come without the mystery I don't think I could tell. Yet I know that I could not have worked for him before his eyes.

Enter JOHN THOMAS (*with parcel.*)

John Thomas. From Hancock's, my lady.

Mabel (*sits*). At last! When Sir Harry is drest, let me know. [*Exit* JOHN THOMAS.

—Now, my dear little purse, for your last toilette. Let us see how these tassels will suit your complexion. Not amiss, I think. And now how will you be received? Will you make him understand all the pleasure you have given in making? All the care that has been taken of your little person? I would not for the world have had you make your appearance but *en grande tenue*. Will you get a kiss for your pains? (*Kisses the purse, and looks at it earnestly.*) Poor little thing! You are of no great value. I'm afraid you would scarcely fetch thirty shillings even at a fancy fair. How is it that I feel sad at the thought of parting with you? Were you not begun to be finished as soon as possible? Ah! the beginning was gayer than the end. But fifteen days ago! And how much has happened in those fifteen days! Shall we be too late? What put such an idea into my head? I hear some one coming. It can't be Harry yet awhile.

Enter JOHN THOMAS.

John Thomas. Sir Harry, my lady.

Mabel. Heavens! I have only sewn on one tassel! What is to be done? (*To John Thomas.*) Ask your master to wait for five minutes—two minutes—in the anteroom. Quick, before he passes through.

John Thomas. Sir Harry is here, my lady. [*Exit*

John Thomas. Mabel hastily conceals the purse.

Enter SIR HARRY.

Sir Harry. Good evening, dear.—Am I in the way?

Mabel. You, Harry? What an idea!

Sir Harry. I fancied you looked a little put out. You see, in the pleasure of paying you a visit, I am apt to forget the husband, and invade your sanctum a little rashly, like the—

Mabel. Well, sir!

Sir Harry. The lover.

Mabel. Are you not both, Harry?

Sir Harry (*drawing her to him, and kissing her forehead*). I hope so, Mabel.

Mabel (*aside*). I think I must give him the purse as it is.

Sir Harry. But how is it you are not dressed? Don't you go to the ball?

Mabel. No—I thought—I hoped that—perhaps—

Sir Harry. You thought—you hoped?

Mabel. You are going to the ball evidently, Harry. What a splendid success! (*Looking at his evening dress.*)

Sir Harry. I'm afraid not. I don't know whether the fault be mine or my tailor's, but it is a melancholy fact that I have no longer my regimental waist. (*Looks at himself in the glass.*)

Mabel. And for whom are all these grand effects prepared? Not for me, I'm afraid.

Sir Harry. Nonsense. For whom then, I should like to know? You don't suppose I'm going to dance? I don't know why I go at all. A ball is always a punishment. Imprisonment and hard labour: and to our sex at least, on something little better than bread and water.

Mabel. Well as you are your own judge, don't sentence yourself to-night. Stay at home with me. We will have a delightful tête-a-tête; and I want to tell you—

Sir Harry. Surely your clock is fast? It can hardly be so late.

Mabel. You can't go to a ball at this time of night whatever the clock may say. You have only just dined.

Sir Harry. I have ordered the carriage round at ten. The fact is, I have a visit to pay first.

Mabel. Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't know—I thought—

Sir Harry. Well!

Mabel. I supposed—after what you said—but my clock is quite right. After all, it is only half-past nine. Give me a quarter of an hour. I have a little surprise for you.

Sir Harry. My dear Mabel, I invariably leave you the most perfect freedom of action. I am sure you will see the justice of the concession being mutual. What surprise were you talking about?

Mabel. Surprise? Nothing. Did I say surprise?

Sir Harry. I fancied so. By-the-bye, have you those valses of Strauss? If you are not practising them I wish you would lend them to me.

Mabel. They are on the pianoforte. Do you want them now?

Sir Harry. Well, yes. I rather wanted to take them with me. I have been asked for them for the last week. They shall not be kept long.

Mabel. Are they for Mrs. Mountcharles?

Sir Harry (*turning round from the pianoforte*). I beg your pardon. What did you say about Mrs. Mountcharles?

Mabel. Nothing.

Sir Harry. I don't think my ears deceived me this time. (*Sits.*) What did you say about Mrs. Mountcharles?

Mabel. I thought that perhaps the valses might be for her.

Sir Harry. Why, may I ask?

Mabel. Oh, because—because she admires them.

Sir Harry. So do most people. Your friend, Mrs. Vernon, is always playing them. Old Sheepshanks, the Director, grew purple with delight when you went through them the other night at his particular request. I'm sure I shan't send a copy to him.

Mabel. Does she play them better than I, Harry?

Sir Harry. She—Who? Mrs. Mountcharles? You think a good deal of that lady it appears to me.

Mabel. Not I. If I were a man, it is not a woman like that who would turn my head.

Sir Harry (*rising*). You would be quite right. A man should never allow his head to be turned either by waltz or woman.

Mabel. Do you mean to play to-night, dear?

Sir Harry. What a question! One plays; but one never, by any possibility, *means* to play.

Mabel. Have you any money in your pocket?

Sir Harry. Yes, I believe so. Do you want any?

Mabel. Not I, dear. I am far too rich already.

Sir Harry. I know what a good use you make of your money, Mabel. If I make you too rich, it is for the selfish pleasure of being charitable by your hands.

Mabel (*aside*). Dear fellow! *I must* give it him (*Aloud*) Listen to me, Harry. Do you recollect, some time ago, saying how much you wanted a purse to keep your money in?

Sir Harry. I think I do remember something of the kind. It is certainly a great nuisance to have one's gold and silver floating about together in a deep pocket like fish in a vase.

Mabel. Would you like a red silk purse with a black border?

Sir Harry. I can't say I admire the combination of colours. It is too suggestive of *rouge et noir*. By the way, you remind me that a purse was given me yesterday. I think I have it about me. Ah! here it is. What do you think of it? Good taste, eh?

Mabel. Let me look at it (*takes the purse in her hand, looks at it attentively for some time—then returns it.*) It is very pretty. (*Abstractedly.*) What colour is it?

Sir Harry (laughing). What colour! Well, upon my word, that's a pretty question?

Mabel. No, I didn't mean that; I meant to say who gave it you?

Enter JOHN THOMAS.

John Thomas. "Mrs. Vernon."

Mabel (hastily). I am not at home to any one.

Sir Harry. Oh, yes! To her you are, I'm sure. Why shouldn't we see her?

Mabel. Very well. [*Exit* JOHN THOMAS.] Now, Harry, tell me who gave you that purse?

Enter MRS. VERNON (*dressed for a ball*).

Sir Harry. My dear Mrs. Vernon, you could not arrive more *àpropos*. I have just been favoured with the most delightful instance of feminine absence of mind ever known. It is too good to keep to myself, so you shall have the benefit of the story. You will be good enough to imagine that I was showing Mabel a purse—this purse (*holding it up*), which has lately come into my possession—

Mrs. Vernon. It seems rather pretty. Let me look at it.

Sir Harry. I was showing her, as aforesaid, this purse. With the curiosity natural to her sex she asked to examine it. Accordingly she took it in her hand, turned it over, scrutinised it severely, kept it some moments—and finally returned it, saying. What do you suppose? (*laughing*)—"What colour is it?"

Mrs. Vernon. Well, it is blue.

Sir Harry. A most unmistakeable blue. There is the cream of the joke. Can you fancy her asking such an amazing question?

Mrs. Vernon (calmly). Wonderful. My dear Mabel, don't you go to the Embassy to-night?

Mabel. No dear. I'm going to have a quiet evening at home.

Sir Harry. But you don't seem amused at my story.

Mrs. Vernon. On the contrary. And who is the authoress, pray? For men, more's the pity, don't knit purses, and, what is still worse—for trade—seldom buy them. Stay: Of course! I thought I recognised it—Mrs. Mountcharles, by all that is irreproachable!

Sir Harry (with some irritation). Pray, how do you recognise it?

Mrs. Vernon. I recognise it by the colour: you see the blue is so unmistakeable. Besides, we are old friends. We have almost grown up together. I have watched its development from girlhood. From the first stitch to the last tassel there must have been a clear interval of seven years. You may imagine the variety of destinations appointed for it during that period. It has belonged—in all but actual possession—to three particular friends of mine. You see what a treasure you have got. It is a perfect heirloom.

Sir Harry. One would suppose there was but one purse in London.

Mrs. Vernon. There *is* but one purse of that kind. To me blue is insufferable. It means nothing, suggests nothing—is perfectly vulgar, familiar, and foolish. It should never be seen on anything animate west of Temple Bar; nor on anything inanimate except cheap prints and hair-dressers' models.

Mabel. It is the colour of constancy.

Mrs. Vernon. Bah! my love; the colour of milk and water. I can only pay you a flying visit: you see I'm in uniform. One must be early to-night. I hear the line looks already like Bow Street on a Patti night. Why don't you come, Mabel? I wouldn't miss it for two worlds.

Mabel. To tell the truth I forgot it, and now it is too late.

Mrs. Vernon. Not at all. Leave it to me. Let me ring for your maid. Ask for your last new dress. Turn Sir Harry and his porte-monnaie out of the room. Robe yourself. I will dress your hair. Well, buy a bouquet as we go along, and there you are.

Mabel. Not to-night, dear. I don't feel up to it.

Mrs. Vernon. Well if you are insensible to my fascinations, why don't *you* take her, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. I never interfere with Lady Lee's arrangements.

Mrs. Vernon. Oh! It's a fit of the blues? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mabel, give me some tea, and I'll stay with you.

Mabel. Not for worlds! I would not deprive the ball of its queen. But, if you are really determined to sacrifice yourself, go and show yourself, dance two valses, and come back at eleven. We will have a quiet chat by the fire. It will be a *tête-a-tête*, as Sir Harry means to abandon us.

Sir Harry. I? Not at all. I don't know that I shall go.

Mrs. Vernon. It is arranged then. I shall be back in an hour: *à propos*, you have heard of my misfortune?

Lady Lee. Your misfortune? No! What was it?

Mrs. Vernon. I have been robbed, my dear: robbed like a shareholder. Four lovely dresses, fresh from Paris, made away with at the Custom House. A mauve, a sea green silk, and I don't know what besides. I have been speechless with indignation; and Madame Réglise has refused food since the arrival of the news.

Mabel. My heart bleeds for you. They were confiscated, I suppose?

Mrs. Vernon. Not at all. If it had been only that I should not have cared. I should have worried or cajoled the British official into restitution. The cruelty was that they pierced my boxes with their abominable irons; and made holes in everything. My mauve came out like a colander.

Sir Harry. There was nothing *blue* damaged was there?

Mrs. Vernon. Nothing, Sir. Good bye, Mabel. I shall be back in the knitting of a purse. I have just got rid of my fifth influenza this season, and am going to make up the half-dozen. That object achieved, I shall come and bury myself in this arm-chair. We will talk of old point, "Lothair," the new curate, the marriage service, or any other pomp and vanity you please. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. What a tongue that woman has! You've a strange selection of friends.

Mabel. It was you who wished Mrs. Vernon to come up.

Sir Harry. I would lay my life you imagine it was Mrs. Mountcharles who made my purse!

Mabel. Not if you assure me to the contrary.

Sir Harry. I am certain of it.

Mabel. How so?

Sir Harry. I know your character. Mrs. Vernon is your oracle. You believe everything she tells you: even such an absurdity as she has just uttered.

Mabel. Thanks for the compliment; but I don't deserve it.

Sir Harry. Really, Mabel, this is childish. It is much better to be frank, and say at once you believe it. It is written in your face.

Mabel. If it will give you any pleasure to hear it, I do believe it, then.

Sir Harry. You *do* believe it? I was sure of it. And pray, if it were true, what great harm would there be?

Mabel. None whatever; and therefore why deny it?

Sir Harry. I do not deny it. Good evening, for the present. I shall, perhaps, look in by-and-bye, and have some tea with your friend.

Mabel. Harry, don't leave me in this way.

Sir Harry. What do you mean by "in this way"? The matter is very simple. Somebody gives me a purse: I wear it; you see it, and ask who made it. I tell you, and there is an end of the business. Nothing can be less like a quarrel.

Mabel. If I were to ask you to give me this purse, would you make the sacrifice?

Sir Harry. Perhaps. What would you do with it?

Mabel. Never mind. I ask you for it.

Sir Harry. Not to use, I suppose?

Mabel. Why not? *You* use it.

Sir Harry. The case is not a parallel one. I am not a woman.

Mabel. Well, then, to throw into the fire.

Sir Harry. Now you are sincere. Well, with equal candour, I must decline to devote my present to such a fate.

Mabel. You must do as you please; but I think it very cruel to parade openly what everybody knows is a gift from that woman.

Sir Harry. You think it looks like a trophy?

Mabel. Listen to me for a moment, Harry; and leave your hand in mine. Do you love me?

Sir Harry. I love you, and I listen.

Mabel. You know I am not jealous, but I ask you for this purse as a favour. Come: I will make it an exchange, and you shall confess you have lost nothing by the transaction.

Sir Harry. Let us hear what rate of exchange you propose.

Mabel. Will you not take my word? I *will* tell you, if you wish it; but give it to me without conditions, and you will make me very happy.

Sir Harry. I never take any one's word in matters of business.

Mabel. I implore you, Harry.

Sir Harry. No.

Mabel. On my knees. (*Falls on her knees.*)

Sir Harry. Pray, Mabel, get up from that ridiculous position. You know my objection to scenes. I detest to see any woman humiliate herself, you especially. You make a great deal too much of a mere trifle. If you really desired it, I would throw the trumpery behind the fire without an instant's hesitation. There would be no necessity for any conditions, which are, moreover, in such a matter, quite out of place. Pray rise, and let us hear no more of it. *Au revoir.*

[*Exit* SIR HARRY.]

Mabel (alone). If I cannot burn that, it must be my own. (*Takes the purse from her desk, and looks at it.*) Poor little purse! When I kissed you just now, do you recollect what I said? We are too late! You see it: he does not care for you nor for me. (*Goes to the fire-place.*) My day-dream is over. It was very foolish, perhaps; but very sweet while it lasted. You are right, Harry, I did make a great deal of a trifle; but it was a trifle very near my heart, and it would have cost you very little to humour my fancy, and make me happy. He could not have refused such a trifle, if he had loved me. He loves me no longer. He loves her. It is too clear. (*Weeps.*) I must think of it no longer. I will throw my toy into the fire, and forget it. If I had given it to him to-night, he would have lost it to-morrow. He would have accepted it without pleasure, treated it without respect. It would have lain unnoticed on the table—the gaming table very likely—uncared for and unthought of, while the other would never have left him—would have——unhappy wife that I am; it wanted but this. I am jealous! (*Is about to throw the purse into the fire, but stops suddenly.*) But what have you done after all? Why should I destroy you, poor little work of my hands? You are a part of myself; in your tiny network are interwoven fifteen days of my life. No; the hand that has made you shall not treat you ill. I will keep you with me, on my heart. You will make me unhappy, and yet happy: you will recal to me my love for him, his caprice, his neglect—who knows? He may one day come to claim you in your hiding-place. (*Sits, and begins to sew on the second tassel.*)

[MRS. VERNON'S *voice heard outside.*]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIV.—JUGULAR.

First—

There was once an excitable bug(u)ler,
Who played an uncommon fine fugue (you 'll ar-
Rive at the point in a whisper),
While playing a difficult bugle air,
He fractured the sheath of his jugular,
And altered the shape of his lisper.

UPPER C.

Second—

If a Hindoo I meet,
Asking alms in the street,
And you hint that he may be a
Thug, you 'll ar-
Ouse but small fear,
For I think if he were,
He'd scarce risk a dash at my
Jugular. VITRUVIUS.

In every music I delight,
And thought my cousin did the same:
I 've changed my mind since that sad night:
Poor man! the dead I will not blame!
He seemed amiss; but I said, "Ben,
A first-rate kind of fugue you 'll hear;"
He went—returned— and, there and then,
Cut through and through his jugular. DIER.

When I first got acquainted with Kate
I was desp'rately anxious to marry,
'Cause I thought it much better to mate
Than in bachelordom for to tarry.

So the question I popped, but "O la!"
She cried, "what a humbug you are!"
Gave my military hat such a draw
That the chain nearly cut through my jugular.

DRAGOON.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXV.—IODINE.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STRATHFIELDSAYE.—We know nothing more of the matter than yourself. The subject is not a pleasant one, and we have no intention of extending our investigations.

A. Z.—We will do our best for you. Call on Wednesday, between 2 and 4.

JARNAC.—Hardly suitable.

EDWARD B.—Rumour, full of tongues, is a liar, as usual.

ENQUIRER.—"Nicholas" was the creation of the late Mr. W. J. Prowse, a highly-gifted young author, whose lamented and premature death, at Nice, was chronicled only a few weeks ago.

CORNARO.—He lived, we believe, on turnip-tops, dressed in hides, rose at 5, went to bed at 8, and lived to a hundred. Whether the game was worth the candle we leave you to decide.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Lucrezia Borgia. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Faust. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.
LYCEUM.—His Own Rival—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Music hath Charms—At Eight: Mary Warner—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Loving Hearts—Kenilworth. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The First Night—At a Quarter to Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Frou-Frou—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Married Daughters and Young Husbands—Behind the Curtain. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.
CHARING CROSS.—Illusions—The Gentleman in Black—Captain Smith. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

WE were quite unable, last week, to refer to the death of CHARLES DICKENS, except in the briefest and coldest way. We have not cultivated the art of utilising affliction professionally, and a great sorrow strikes us dumb; consequently, we had no tribute ready but tears. We have little to offer now but the broken and imperfect expressions of the old gratitude and reverence which begin, however slowly, to temper our grief.

The overwhelming sense of loss which the sad tidings appear to have induced in every part of the civilised world is the noblest monument that could be desired for one so dear to us as CHARLES DICKENS. Millions, who never set eyes upon the great writer while he was among us, who never pressed his hand or heard the sound of his voice, have felt his death to be a personal bereavement—a cutting off of something bright and lovely from their lives, the silencing of a chord with which their hearts had long, perhaps unconsciously, been in unison. Wherever there is a language, some among those who speak and write it must have been brightened, consoled, purified by the lessons of love and wisdom he has taught. There is hardly a household, from one end of Europe to another, but has been indebted for some happy hours, some forgetfulness of pain or sorrow, some softening and brightening of the ruggedness or darkness of their lives, to the charm of his wholesome company. He was the loved and honoured guest of the whole world. That this matchless popularity was never weakened, never abused, and, founded on a rock, endured to the end of an almost unprecedentedly laborious life, is its fitting crown and glory.

It is no time to discuss the place held, or to be held by CHARLES DICKENS in our literature—in the literature of the world. Even "those who have failed in literature or art," who have before now attempted to pick holes with their miserable little pins in the impenetrable armour of his genius, will reserve their refined depreciation of the middle-class novelist to a more convenient season. His fame rests on a foundation too broad and too secure to be affected by anything that detraction could do now. It is only to "deliver our soul" that we repeat our long-since expressed opinion, that CHARLES DICKENS was the greatest writer, the greatest philanthropist, the greatest benefactor of his age. In pathos he has had no superior; in humour, of the truest, deepest, tenderest kind, he has had no equal. The creations we owe to his many-sided genius are equal in number, in delicacy, in power, to those of SHAKSPEARE. In quaint and subtle fancies, in poetic conception, in weird power, he is, among prose writers, alone. In the art of construction, in the minute touches which gave his "interiors" the finish of a picture by DOUW, in word-painting, in the art of nomenclature, he was unrivalled. His conscientious industry, amazing to say, was as great as his genius.

The good, direct and indirect, effected by his pen, which never was taken in hand without a purpose—a purpose ever high, noble, and disinterested, was simply incalculable. His enemies were wrong, oppression, fraud, vice, and meanness of every description; and he attacked them with weapons of unequalled keenness, wielded with unexampled power. His lay sermons were in every hand: he preached to a congregation counted by millions; and he spoke with a power that it would be well if the concentrated efforts of the whole Anglican Church could rival. That his voice was never heard except in the cause of truth; that it was always raised against evil-doing; that it was ever earnest in defence of the poor and weak, is too well known to need insisting upon. None who have ever written so much have written so well, or have had less reason to wish a line blotted. So precious a legacy as he has left us has been bequeathed but once before to England.

In generations to come, the Works of CHARLES DICKENS will stand side by side with those of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

London Lyrics.

No. 29.

FORGET you! Wherefore? Why should I forget
The gentle visions of a happy dream?
Rase from my memory the morn we met!—
Cloud the reflection of youth's sunniest gleam!

Were we not happy when we strayed apart,
Far from the busy bustle of the town,
Ere the world's chill had fallen on either heart;
Or we had cared to mark its smile or frown?

Were we not happy when we looked afar
Down imaged vistas of the bright to come,
And saw the guiding light of some mild star
That sweetly beckoned to a peaceful home?

The songs of morning waked Hope's gladdest voice,
The noonday brought us thoughts of calm repose;
Eve's purple glories bade us both rejoice,
And think that thus should be life's softened close.

Forget you! No; I would not change the past
For all the bitter sadness of to-day;
Ah! black and chill is dull November's blast,
But, oh! how bright and glorious was May!

You will remember, in the time to be,
The blythe and credulous spring-time of our love:
In winter's sorrow you will turn to me
O'er life's wide waste of waters, like the dove.

False glories gild the present, false alloy—
Dulls all the gold in which you deem you're set;
You shall yet wake to a far truer joy,
You will remember—I shall ne'er forget!

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

Time—1970. *Place—The Cosmopolitan Club, London.*

Persons—LORD KNOWALL *and* SIR JAMES PERFECT.

Lord K. Ah! Sir James, I am delighted to see you. Why you are quite an unexpected novelty; I thought you were shooting the newly-revived antediluvian animals in Central Africa.

Sir J. So I have been—only just come up. I breakfasted at Zanzuebar, in the desert of Sahara; travelled on a steam ostrich to Mocarango; left Mocarango by the 9.50 explosive express, and was in London by lunch-time. We stopped five minutes for refreshments at Tangier, shot through the tunnel under the Mediterranean in no time, gave up tickets at Marseilles, and were discharged into Grosvenor-square like peas from a pea-shooter, at 12.49—capital travelling. Why, before they applied gunpowder to locomotion—I mean in the old sawny days of steam—the journey would have occupied I don't know how long. I believe they used to make their wills before travelling from Brighton to London, for fear old age and apoplexy should overtake them on the journey.

Lord K. Ah! we've progressed a little since then. But what kind of sport had you?

Sir J. Well, only moderate. Paramatta, a friend of mine, who resides generally in the third moon of Jupiter, but who keeps his private meteor during the shooting season, for making excursions to various parts of the universe, joined me in the desert. Curiously enough his meteor broke down as he was passing Mercury, and they forwarded him on the new comet's tail. Well, he brought his hydro-potassian gun, which makes 137 discharges a minute, so he had the advantage of me, as my piece, the pneumatic disperser, only makes 125. But the fact is, we both shot badly. Only killed 5,049 head. We bagged, however, among them six megatheriums, a good specimen of ichthyosaurus, and an iguanodon.

Lord K. Well; that was a fair day. It must have been monstrous hot: but, I suppose, you wore the anti-tropical refrigerator. Did you have any hunting?

Sir J. Yes; we hunted one day. I was badly mounted. They gave me an atmospheric horse: an animal made of platinum, built only to clear fences ten foot high—*limited*, in fact—so I could do nothing against Paramatta, who was mounted on a registered hydraulic charger, which flew, like a balloon, over a twelve-foot wall.

Lord K. By-the-bye; I believe you are a member of the Circumnavigation Club? I wish you'd vote for my friend Lomax, who's to be balloted for on Tuesday. His town house, you know, is in Venus, and he has a shooting box in the highlands of Saturn; but he's constantly in London. His private balloon, with the oscillating cylinder and patent floats, brings him here, you see, in no time: and he's very anxious to join the Club, as he's travelled round every planet except ours.

Sir J. Well, I don't mind voting for him, if I'm in town on the day of election; but I've arranged to go to Bengal in the Grand Vacuum Tube, on the 25th. Singular thing—talking of the Grand Vacuum—that some years back they never thought of sending anything but parcels by that mode of conveyance.

Lord K. Ah! they were very backward in those days. Used to call a train an *express* that travelled only sixty miles an hour; and thought the electric telegraph a great invention, when it carried nothing but little messages; and here am I, just arrived by it from Seringapatam on a single wire, with all the ease and safety imaginable.

Sir J. Exactly. Really, when one comes to think of it, life couldn't have been worth much then. Why, they tell me that education took a dozen years, whereas now, by the new Galvanic Inoculator, if they put on full pressure, they can infuse the most perfect knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic (the three R's as they used to call them) into any given individual in a couple of minutes. When the auxiliary Educational Infiltrator is completed, I'm told they'll add the use of the globes and all the natural sciences, and prepare your first-born for an experimental philosopher of the first class under the five minutes.

Lord K. Well, all that's a great economy of time and labour; but, as I've only one son, I

intend to put him into the army. In fact, I've just bought him a commission in the atmospheric artillery, who, as you know, are always quartered near the moon. The truth is, I can't trust him in terrestrial barracks, he's so apt to get into dissipated habits. Of course you've heard of the new method of depositing troops in any quarter of the globe by the ærostatic platform system? A balloon is attached to each corner of the platform, and up goes a whole regiment, prepared for a descent anywhere. The influence of the winds is counteracted by the storm-antidote-powder, sold in boxes at 1*s.* 1½*d.* Well, all this is a great improvement. The old expensive system of fortifications is entirely superseded. And now drunkenness is unknown in the army, because the troops are all quartered miles above all public-houses and opportunities. They become *elevated* it is true, but in a different sense.

Sir J. Another great advantage is, that battles and skirmishes are all conducted now in the upper regions, instead of down below, as they used to be. Think what an intolerable nuisance it must have been to have had a cannon-ball come into your breakfast-room, upsetting your tea-pot, and, perhaps, scattering all the yolk of your egg over your waistcoat. He! he!

Lord K. Oh, monstrous. But really, in those days there could have been no comfort at all in existence. Why they only published a newspaper once a-day; and now we have one every ten minutes: and the account of an eruption of Mount Etna, or the last South American Revolution, almost as soon as it takes place. It was certainly a great invention, to make events print and register themselves, without any Editors or Printer's Devils, on this susceptible paper. I suppose the old system of photography originated the idea. It's very convenient, too, to have a new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica every week. You get all the new discoveries in science before they have become stale.

Sir J. Ah, you got nothing fresh in those days. Even corn took six months, or nearly, to grow. It's true that was before they dried up the Atlantic by the Disintegrating Absorber, and converted the hydrogen it contained into manure; so that the farmers really had not then the means of obtaining such rapid results.

Lord K. That's true. Well, you know, it was just the same in politics. Why a session of Parliament, in those days, lasted some six months. Everything had to be carried on by deliberation. The fellows couldn't see into the merits of a thing till they had talked themselves silly. I'm told that a Bill had to be altered half-a-dozen times before it was fit to be introduced, and then was nearly torn to pieces in Committee. But the Microscopic Concentrative altered all this, and enabled men to analyse the mysteries of political truth in a moment. You can tell the best system of franchise for a country now, by the turn of a handle. Well, the consequence is, that the speeches are not one quarter the length they used to be. The best form of legislation, for any given community, is discovered at once by the last new patent.

Sir J. Well, and wasn't the doing away with law, a grand thing? Why people used to be ruined by simply trying to get their rights. I believe there used to be a court called Chancery, which was only another name for beggary. But now, by Pratt's Machine for Simplifying Judicial Proceedings, every cause is sifted and decided in so many seconds, while all the merits of the case are exhibited on the indicator. One revolution of the wheel, in fact, gives a verdict for plaintiff or defendant. Then the costs only amount to the value of the oil required for the wear and tear of the machine. We've no "Blackstone's Commentary" now, no "Sugden on Vendors," no "Fearne on Remainders." If there are any law books left, the grocers have them for enveloping butter; or, rather, to speak correctly, what was termed butter, or ghee, but which we now know to be silicated tallow.

Lord K. Ah! All that's a great blessing; and talking of improvements, it's no small comfort to be able to live without servants. I know that cooks, butlers, and scullery-maids used to be called necessary evils. I suppose, like all the rest of the world, you have adopted the new system.

Sir J. O yes; long ago. The Self-regulating Apparatus does all the household work: makes the beds, cleans the boots, sweeps the carpets, and in fact, everything, except paying the bills. By the way, my Self-discharging Coal-scuttle got out of order the other day, and so did the Steam-porter for answering the door, and I had to go myself. Found it was the Flying Postman with a begging-letter.

Lord K. Why I did not think there was a beggar left in the country.

Sir J. Well, I believe he's the last. His letter stated that the new law for equalising all incomes out of the Consolidated Fund had not yet taken effect in his case; so he was in a temporary difficulty.

Lord K. Glorious law, that! No Poor Rates henceforth! No Boards of Guardians! No Workhouses!

Sir J. Well, there I don't quite agree with you. I'm inclined to think that the abolition of poverty was a mistake, and that there has been less good feeling in the world since. Want and misery were useful incentives to benevolence. They kept the springs of love in motion, softened the heart, and maintained human sympathies in healthy operation. Every man now, being independent of his neighbour, has ceased to care for him. The close connection that existed between man and man is rent asunder. No, no; your divines will tell you that the system of equalisation is full of practical injury to society at large. And, for similar reasons, I doubt the benefit of having got rid of pain and diseases, by the Vitality Essence Company. Depend upon it, occasional suffering is an indispensable part of the great scheme, of which, with all our discoveries, we as yet know so little.

Lord K. Well, now you're getting too metaphysical for me. And I am afraid I haven't time to discuss the question, for the fact is, I'm engaged to dine with the King of America at seven, and I've only a couple of hours.

Sir J. Why, if that's the case, you'll be rather late if you travel by the cable. You'd better go by the Rocket Apparatus. You take your seat as snug as possible in a 60-inch mortar, at London Bridge, with a parachute attached to your head, and your portmanteau at your feet for a footstool. On being discharged you find yourself over New York, and the descent is a very slight affair.

Lord K. That's my plan. Well, good-bye. I shall see you in Japan on Friday. In the meantime where are you bound for?

Sir J. Well, I dine to-day at St. Petersburg, and shall drop in afterwards to a carpet-hop in Crim Tartary.

The Man in the Stalls.

CHARLES DICKENS! Why do I write that name? It has no reference to the stage, nor to anything half so artificial. Dickens never could write a play, nor could Thackeray, nor Walter Scott. It requires a very peculiar faculty to tell a long story in dialogue; great novelists have, therefore, left the task to minds of a different calibre. The profound and eloquent sentiments of philosophers and observant men of the world, who prefer narrative embellished with reflection, too often degenerate into fustian in the mouths of nine-tenths of the stage parrots. Descriptions of the scenery of living nature never can be realised by the best of our painters. Telbin cannot give us the fluttering of the leaves, nor the sweet south wind stealing over violet banks, nor the twittering swallow or the musical lark; nor can Beverley and the best machinists realise an Alpine storm, let alone the fury of the circling tempest in the middle of the broad foaming Atlantic. And, therefore, Dickens did not write for the stage. It was altogether too limited an area for the grandeur of his conceptions—which sprang from the innermost recesses of the human heart—and the picturesque fulness of his descriptions. Is it too much to say that, in his admirable novels of the period, he was what Shakespeare alone could claim to be among dramatists? He rose altogether above the meretricious artifices and decorations with which a few brushes of paint and a carpenter's hammer make glorious the productions of small playwrights. But he dearly loved the stage, for all that; he enthusiastically admired great artistes, and was himself an admirable actor. Pathos was his forte. His little part in the *Lighthouse* was far beyond his embodiment of Ben Jonson's *Captain Bobadil*. The same difference in power of personation was visible in his readings. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and described the grotesque features of the personages of his novels with wonderful felicity; he made them comical, and the very language he employed in the delineation was unapproachably humorous. But he *represented* his serious creations with far better effect. Will Fern and Sykes were grand pieces of tragic drama. No one else could act them. Several efforts were made by those *chevaliers d'industrie*, the adapters, to dramatise some of Dickens' stories; but they were terrible failures, as far as the complete transfer of even portions of those marvellous works went. It was only now and then that a single character in any one piece could be personated with anything like an approach to the reader's conceptions, or the author's intention. Mrs. Keeley as Dot and the boy Bailey; Bob Keeley as Caleb Plummer and Sairy Gamp; Joe Jefferson as Newman Noggs; and Rowe as Micawber, were the only impersonations that come near the ideal originals. There was an actor in America (James W. Wallack) who made his mark as Fagin, and when Charlotte Cushman played Nancy, produced a painful effect, because he realised the odious Jew of the romance; but all the rest of the actors whom I have seen attempt to carry out Charles Dickens' ideas failed utterly, they "imitated humanity so abominably." Well, peace be with his ashes! He gave mental repose and comfort to many hundreds of thousands of his fellow men—he lightened the burthens of life in innumerable households and circles, by his pleasant pictures of life; he prepared the public mind for great reforms in our social institutions; he exerted himself by voice and pen to create and strengthen funds for the necessitous, often seconding his eloquent appeals by a liberal example. More than all, his charitable principles covered a multitude of the sins of others, and that, we are told, is a virtue greater in heaven's estimation than even Faith and Hope. Let him, then, sleep the sleep of the wise, the brave, and good in the grand old Abbey which holds the mortal remains of so many of the great and worthy in literature, arts, and arms.

In hastily recording their *ex post facto* tributes to the rare qualities of Dickens, some of the contributors to the daily press, perhaps acutely feeling in his death the loss of a personal friend as well as a public benefactor, have suffered themselves to be betrayed into an excess of laudation which was as unnecessary to his fame as it was unjust to the reputation of others. One of these declares that all the humour of the writers preceding him was dull and hazy, with the solitary exception of the quaint drollery of Charles Lamb. He allows of a little simmering of mirth, but denies its existence in the rich form which Dickens introduced. He politely calls it "dull idiocy." I admit that the author of *Pickwick* was more industrious and inventive, and, therefore, more voluminous than his predecessors; but I cannot go the length of ignoring the rich conceits of Tom Hood; the pungent drollery of Poole, to whom we owe the undying picture of Little Pedlington; the caustic humour of Horace, and James Smith, the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, the broad fun of Theodore Hook; the quiet satire of Leigh Hunt; the brilliant wit, associated with the loftiest wisdom, of Sidney Smith; these, and several others I could name, embellished our lighter literature with their merriment before Dickens shot up amongst us, and left behind them footprints on the sands of time, which ten decades more will scarcely efface.

I knew Dickens when he was not more than nine years old. We have wandered together in the vicinity of Gad's Hill, sat for hours on the old bridge at Rochester, and witnessed, with all the admiration afterwards shared by Pickwick and his friends, the wonderful evolutions of the garrison on the lines of Chatham. Going abroad, I lost sight of my young companion for twenty years; renewed my acquaintance with him for a brief period when the *Daily News* was started, and was so disagreeably candid as to tell him he could not edit a daily paper. A great writer is one thing—a good editor quite another. Thackeray, Campbell, Bulwer, Hook, Ainsworth, all made indifferent editors.

They had good subs who did their work, and they received pay for the use of their names. This is not the time to tell stories out of school; but hereafter I may be tempted to add my little store of incidents to the general accumulation of reminiscences of Dickens: and the *Man About Town* shall be the recipient of the small contribution—if it pleaseth him.

And now, to turn to my appointed vocation,—what have I to say for the Stalls? "*Où*," as Corinne says, "*Je me niche dans un coin pour critiquer tout le monde.*" Not much, in truth; for the carburetted hydrogen of the best ventilated houses, if it does not keep me out, makes me uncomfortable within. Two trips to Ascot and a public breakfast at the Marchioness's, had exhaustive results; and just as Christine Nilsson began *at last* to warble the sweetest airs in *Le Nozze*, an "exposition of sleep" came upon me, from which I was only aroused by the exodus of a lumbering baroness, who tried her beetle-crushing power on my most particular corn. I had hardly ejaculated "—— it!" when her brute of a husband, who weighs eighteen stone at least, exerted the powers of tread with which, for vicious purposes, he has been endowed, on my favourite bunion. Doubly incapacitated for pedal action, I could not bestow upon my noble tormentor the parting salute which my great toe meditated—especially as, at the moment of my bitterest resentment, a few notes of Mozart stole over my awakened senses. *Emollit mores*, &c. Let no one say that music hath not charms to soothe the wronged foot, leaving its power to soften rocks for future consideration.

It is impossible to keep pace with the performances, much less with the revivals, at Drury Lane. I can, therefore, only speak from personal experience of *Dinorah* and *Roberto il Diavolo*. Madlle Reboux deserves all the applause she has earned as Dinorah and Alice. The *habitués* ought to be, and probably are, grateful that the troupe so overflows with talent that the absence of one bright particular star does not necessitate change in the programme or a single postponement. The *pharmacopœia* abounds with nostrums for the cure of the catarrhs, sore throats, and influenzas which afflict *prime donne;* but far better than sudorifics, hot baths, embrocations of tallow, gruel, and wet towels, are the simple announcements that, in consequence of the severe indisposition of the *assoluta* Signora Squallini (certified by the conscientious Dr. Dulcamara), *her* part will be sung and played by Cantatrice No. 2. Arouse the jealousy of an operatic singer by a hint that her serious illness is giving a chance to a substitute, and convalesence follows instantaneously.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon the acquisition of a taste for the purer kind of French comedy, interpreted by French artistes of the first rank, when *La Grande Duchesse* returns to upset our assumption of refinement. I read that she is fresh, sparkling, *espiègle*, and musical as ever. "Le Sabre" awakens the ordinary enthusiasm, and "Dites lui" is listened to with the customary delight. A M. Carrier has succeeded Dupuis as Fritz, and—the Princess's is crowded at a guinea a head in the stalls. All this with me is an *on dit*. I have not been to see Schneider this season, nor is it likely that I shall. Bad taste, eh? Well—perhaps. I am sick of kicks, and punches in the stomach, leers, and gesticulated *double entendres*. Must I, of necessity, endure the repetition of such tricks, when Buckstone and Sothern, Compton and Chippendale, with Ada Cavendish to boot, beckon me to the Haymarket to see *Home* once again? Never!

"Born in India, I glory in the name of Englishman," as George the Third, or somebody else, once said; and I claim freedom of action as my birthright. Therefore I go to see a good performance of an unexceptionable *original* play of Tom Robinson's, taken from *L'Aventurière*, in preference to the *repetatur haustus* of Offenbach.

There are no novelties to report in the dramatic market. Bills remain undisturbed, partly because there is no occasion to put up any fresh pieces while the popularity of the last new productions continues, and partly because no kind of novelty would draw people from their iced claret cup and cool apartments to imbibe animal vapours within the walls of a theatre. I do not call a version of *Le Malade Imaginaire* a novelty—and, if it were, I am as yet in no condition to say what Mr. Vining does with Argan. Time for that next week. But, in default of new plays, I find that writers have been disporting themselves with incidents of a theatrical interest, which, as the only chronicler of such matters in the *Man About Town*, it behoves me to notice.

First of all, we get at the facts of Wachtel's quarrel with Adelina Patti Caux. *Le Gaulois* relates that

> "In one scene of *Don Giovanni*, as is well-known, the tenor sings an air of some length, during which time Zerlina and Zannetto are left on the stage taking no part in the music. By a conventional arrangement the artistes representing these characters usually retire, and only return when the tenor has finished his air. At the last representation of *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden, Herr Wachtel, who had requested Signor Tagliafico to arrange with Madame Patti to observe the usual course, found, when about to commence his famous piece, that, although Signor Tagliafico had retired from the stage, Madame Patti was still there. Believing that she had misunderstood the arrangement, he said, in a low voice, 'Leave the stage,' which Madame Patti at once did in great indignation, and immediately protested to Mr. Gye that she would never again sing with a tenor who could speak to her with such insolence. An explanation followed, which was simply that Signor Tagliafico had omitted to inform Madame Patti of the desire of Herr Wachtel, and the lady at once admitted that the latter could not have intended to affront her; but Herr Wachtel, in his turn, was indignant, refused to sing again, and demanded that his engagement at 60*l.* per month should be cancelled, which was done."

Which am I most to admire in this story: the absurd arrangement under which parties supposed to be interested in what a gentleman sings to them are required to retire that his voice may have more room for expansion, or the folly of Wachtel in grumbling with such a thick slice of bread and butter as £600 a month (not that I believe he ever got as much), and his want of gentlemanly feeling in declining the implied apology of a Marchesa? Tagliafico has much to answer for in thus raising a discord 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

A writer in the *Times*, adopting the signature of Decency, asks why so much fuss should be made about young men appearing in public in female attire, while so many cases of ladies in continuations offend the eye of purity by adopting male costume on the stage? As no one answers him, I will gratify the youth with my own private opinion. There is no positive harm in the adoption of female or male costume in public, if the purpose be innocent. Until the time of Charles II. all the female parts on the British stage were played by youths: it was a practice of great antiquity.

"E'en Roscius' self enacted to a beard."

Off the stage the practice has not been universal for men to don petticoats, even though the Chevalier d'Eon set the bright example eighty years ago; and the comfort of that species of attire is universally recognised in the East, where the Persians conceal their legs in long flowing robes, while the women appear in pants. On the stage the custom of putting women into tights originated in the necessity for disguising some of the characters as men; and I do not remember that I ever heard any objection taken to Ellen Tree as Viola, Helen Faucit as Imogen, or Mrs. Nesbitt as Rosalind. Nay, Talfourd's Ion, Shakespeare's Ariel, and a dozen more, are necessarily put into shapes; and nothing but severe prudery could object to the extension of a system which enables us to admire nature in fleshings as much as we venerate art in marble. It may be very shocking to look upon Amy de Montford, *alias* Snooks, in a tunic and pink tights, but who ever carried his or her iconoclasm to the length of smashing the Venuses in the Crystal Palace? Eh, Boanerges, you old rogue? You know I saw you examining Diana the other day through your gold spectacles.

I began with Dickens' death: I end with a tomb at Lausanne. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* tells us that the stone memorial of a great actor and accomplished gentleman is now in so dilapidated a condition, that the name of "John Philip Kemble" is nearly obliterated. Will no one come forward with a few pounds to erect another record of the greatest ornament the stage possessed between the departure of Garrick and the advent of Kean? To know what we owe to Kemble, people should read his life. Would that the grace and grandeur of Coriolanus, the dignity of Cardinal Wolsey, the picturesque energy of Rolla, and the generous impulses of the melancholy Penruddock could be brought back to us! I fear we must wait for twenty years before the fine old school of pure elocution and classical impersonation will be restored in the person of some educated gentleman. By that time the present generation will have forgotten Charles Kean, Macready, Phelps, Barry Sullivan, and their wretched ranting.

A LOVE STORY.

KIND reader, if you've nought to do,
And patiently will read this through,
It may, perhaps, distract ye.*
'Tis from a pen which I must own
Is both to wealth and fame unknown,
And fain would that attract ye.

Once on a time there lived a girl,
Whose Christian name was Sally;
She was by trade a coryphée,
And danced all in the Ballet.
Two fiddlers in the orchestra
Adored her actually;

She was the darling of their hearts
They said continually.
One was a "free-born Englishman,"
Whom Sally chose for her man;
The other from fair Almaign hailed
(In point of fact, a German).

Her British lover, "Robert Cobb,"
Whose weekly wage was thirty bob—
But this is a digression;
For Sally cared not for his gold,
And had he earned the sum twice told,
He 'd made no more impression.

'Twas his attire which won her heart:
He really was so very smart,
That girls could not resist him;
And Sally exercised a spell
On Robert Cobb, that "heavy swell"—
She 'd round her finger twist him.

The glass of fashion did reflect
His "get up," wondrous and correct—
A waistcoat made of sealskins.
His kicksies showed a taste refined—
Economy and style combined—
They fitted him like eelskins.

His scarf deserves a word of praise,
Its pattern of prismatic rays,
All green, and red, and yellow;
You 'd look in vain for aught more grand,
From far Whitechapel to the Strand,
You would not find its fellow.

His enemies would call him vain,
And of this foible they 'd complain,
And show no sign of quarter;
His vanity, I here depose,
Was neither "mould of form," nor clothes,
'Twas merely gin and water.

A right good fellow eke was he,
And oft would play in companee
The Carnival, to cheer 'em;
And interlard the variations
With British Farmyard imitations—
'Twas quite a treat to hear 'em.

Her German friend was lank and long,
With spectacles, and collar greasy,
And long fair hair which ne'er was combed,
And blew about in weather breezy.

His chin, his cheeks, his hands, his face
Were innocent of soap or barber;
The name our German friend was called,
Resembled somewhat "Kadgudschraber."

* * * *

In fair Berlin, that 's on the Spree,
He loved no maiden (no, not he!)
So much wrapped up in Bach and Schumann,
He did not care a doit for women.†

* * * *

[* It 's to be hoped not.—ED.].

† Though I say women here in my lines, I should say, more correctly, "Frylines."

Those German girls—those German girls—
With plaited tails instead of curls,
And fat unmeaning features;
Such flaxen hair, such clumsy feet,
One feels inclined such girls to greet
As nasty—dumpy—creatures.

You say, perhaps, it 's wrong, you know,
To treat the German ladies so,
With whom you 're unacquainted.
To justify my base attacks,
I do maintain no proof there lacks
To bear out all these strictures.
If you do but refer to art,
And there you 'll see it takes my part
In all the German pictures.

* * * *

He was so fond of Mendelssohn, and imitated
To (a) charming tone;
But never did it quite.
No artist e'er could hold a candle,
Or match him at the works of Handel,
Nor yet at music light.

Page after page by heart he 'd know,
Of Verdi, Wagner, and Gounod,
And likewise Meyerbeer.
He 'd written pieces of his own,
Which I confess were little known,
'Cause no one cared to hear.

Scrape!—Scrape!—Scrape!
From ten in the morning till four;
Scrape!—Scrape!—Scrape!
Till the lodgers would stand it no more:
Symphony, theme, and sonata,
Reverie, Volkslied, and theme;
Codas, with fierce variations,
Melodies played by the ream.

In fact, the vigour of his labours,
Caused altercations with his neighbours;
And so repeated his recitals,
That cats would tremble for their vitals.

Cobb and the German got to blows—
You 'll understand it all arose,
From mutual love to Sally.
And Sally soon became Cobb's spouse,
And settled in a public-house
Somewhere near Holborn Valley.

Meinheer, I am disposed to think,
Forgot his love and took to drink;
Which makes one feel disposed to ponder,
If "Absinthe" "makes the heart grow fonder."

MORAL.

I think out of this, p 'raps one moral we 've got:
Avoid violinists!—They 're all a bad lot;
Avoid public-houses, and similar places;
And avoid Ballerines (if they 've got pretty faces).

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

GENERAL reminiscences of the past Ascot Meeting are pleasant enough: as pleasant as bright weather, beauty adorned, and the landing of some few "good things," could make them. But when we come to look back critically at the sport, we are forced to admit that there was much more cry than wool, and that, with the exception of a very few rich centre dishes, the banquet was of a barmecide description.

With the Ascot Stakes reduced to a beggarly account of four; the Prince of Wales' Stakes conspicuous by the absence of all the cracks; and the Gold Vase a *pas de deux*, the first day had as much claim to the title of Grand as a Rolfe's Cottage. The Stake called after H.R.H., kept up the character of the race for surprises, by being walked away with by King o' Scots, who, following an excellent, but far from easy recipe, took the lead and kept it throughout; winning with the utmost ease from Astolfo, who, in his turn, and to render confusion worse confounded, beat Normanby, Prince of Wales, Stanley, and Champion, with an ease which, had it been manifested in the Two Thousand, would have made him a fair second to Macgregor. Siderolite, grown into a great slashing horse, who can evidently run and last, beat Formosa fair and square for the Vase, and proved the long-expressed opinion, that he is the best Cup horse in training to have solid grounds.

We must entreat the indulgence of our readers for passing over the rest of the meeting without comment; but being compelled by sudden indisposition to quit the scene of our joys and losses before the termination of the first day, we are unable (without fraud) to hazard a remark as to its successors.

Windsor, Newcastle, and Hampton will provide for northerners and southerners abundantly next week, the attractions being pretty equally divided. Mr. Frail's Royal Gathering, held on Tuesday and Wednesday, commences with the Eton Handicap, in which it appears at first sight that Woodyeates, with Starter 8st, and Our Mary Ann 7st, and Fyfield with President Lincoln 7st 10lb, and Blue Bell 5st 7lb, have the race between them. Adding the Symmetry Colt 5st 11lb, I believe I shall have included the winner, which will prove, in my private opinion, to be Blue Bell, who did not run up to her trial in the Hunt Cup. The Royal Stakes would be a very interesting race should Perth, Tullibardine, Chevisaunce, and the Caller Ou filly join issue; in which case, Perth, would, I think, prove the conqueror; but taking probabilities into consideration, I must declare in favour of the Sister to Pandore. In the Windsor Handicap, Jasonia takes my fancy more than anything, and if neither Columbus or Dancing Girl cannot land the Windsor Stakes, then is my prophecy naught.

Newcastle, which will hold carnival on Tuesday and two following days, exibits a full card, as usual, out of which I will endeavour to pick a few plums. As to the opening day, we come first upon the Fifth Stephenson Biennial, which is, should Mr. Merry elect to send him so far, at the mercy of Perth. Assuming, however, that such will not be the case, I must vote for THE SHEIK, who will, I fancy, prove himself a little better than Columbus. The North Derby has a large and moderate entry, of which the best may prove to be EXCISEMAN: the chance of Macgregor doing battle being of course infinitely remote. The Northumberland Plate, the event of Wednesday, will not, I fancy, see a large or distinguished company at the post. Kidderminster, Lord Hawthorn, Mysotis, and Myosotis (*Arcades ambo*), Apemantus, Five per Cent., and Irregularity may be taken as the cream of the probable starters; and it needs no conjuror to see that the first couple have not much chance with a good fair youngster at about 36lbs. The M's are a more dangerous couple; and I confess I know not how to separate them. Apemantus is the pick of the handicap, so far as weights are concerned, but my own fancy strongly points to Five per Cent. and Irregularity as the two most worth trusting in the race. Both are fit and meant, which is something, and I should not be surprised to see them finish first and second. My closing word, however, shall be given to

FIVE PER CENT.,

who will, I trust, oblige me by not breaking his leg, like Halnaby, on the very day I honoured him with my confidence. In the Tyro Stakes I see nothing, in the presumed absence of King of the Forest, capable of lowering REBECCA's colours. The Fourth Stephenson Biennial should be carried off by LA RILLE or SYRIAN. As to Thursday, the Stewards' Cup reads fairly well for Mr. Jardine with whichever he may trust, ARGYLE or EXCISEMAN, whose most dangerous opponent may prove to be Toison d'Or. The Seaton Delaval Stakes, with another reservation in favour of King of the Forest, with whom I must couple Sister to Pandore, should fall to BIRCH ROD or SAUNTRESS.

As to Hampton, I can only say that I shall expect to see VENTNOR, with all his weight, run a good horse in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes; and that the Claremont Stakes should fall to CROISADE.

FORECAST.

The first of the two annual sales of yearlings bred by Mr. Blenkiron will be held this day (Saturday) by Messrs. Tattersall, at Middle Park, Eltham.

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Northumberland Plate (2 miles)	Wed., June 22.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Roxburghe Handicap (1½ miles)	Tues., Oct. 18.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

RACING FIXTURES.

JUNE.

Windsor	21	Odiham	28
Newcastle	21	New Forest Hunt	28
Newark	23	Newton	29
Hampton	23	Bibury Club	29
Aldershot	27	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Carlisle	5	Southampton	14
Newmarket	5	Airdrie	14
Worcester	7	Isle of Man	14
Pontefract	11	Knutsford	15
Reading	12	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Canterbury	12	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby Summer	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Leicester	6	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn	8	Shrewsbury	14

The following are the acceptances for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes (two miles):—Ventnor, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb; Kennington, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb; Chawbacon, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb; Hobart, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb; Choral, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb; Jasonia, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb; Sir Robert, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb; Adonis, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb; and Moccolo, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb.

Outside the enclosure, in front of the Jockey Club Stand, stood, on the Cup day at Ascot, a woman who is better known in Paris than here. Her appearance was peculiar and her manner disconsolate. A short costume petticoat of blue and red, looking exactly as if it was composed of the scarves Freemasons use in the Royal Arch degree, and a jacket and hat of equally vivid hues, form, after all, a peculiar attire for a racecourse. But the favourite flower-girl of the Paris Jockey Club has her own ideas on dress, and is disappointed, not to say indignant, that she is not made free of the exclusive enclosure, and has not permission to distribute her floral favours, that is, to affix and sell her flowers, as in her more appreciative France. As it is, she stands disconsolate, a sporting Peri seeking admission in vain into a Turfey paradise. A few members indulge in badinage over the railings, but the check-taker, taking a purely business view, admits no one without a ticket, and the fair Parisian (this famous flower-girl is a swarthy Spaniard of thirty, with an intelligent face, but with no pretensions to beauty) is shut out.

The Man About Town.

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OF THE
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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 18, Donizetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA. Gennaro (his second appearance in England), Signor Vizzani; Il Duca, Signor Graziani; Maffio Orsini, Mdlle Scalchi; Giubetta, Signor Tagliafico; Gazella, Signor Capponi; Astolfo, Signor Caravoglia; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens. After which, the two principal Acts of Auber's popular Opera, MASANIELLO, including the celebrated Market Scene. Fenella, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois; Pietro, Signor Graziani; and Masaniello, Signor Naudin. Conductor, Signor Bevignani.

Next Week there will be Six Performances,

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, June 20, LA FAVORITA. Madame Pauline Lucca, Signor Bagagiolo, Signor Graziani, and Signor Mario.

On Tuesday next, June 21, IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

Extra Night.—On Wednesday next, June 22, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, Signor Graziani, Signor Cotogni, Signor Ciampi, and Mdlle. Titiens.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, June 23, ESMERALDA.

Extra Night.—On Friday Next, June 24, LES HUGUENOTS. Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, Mdlle Scalchi, Signor Bagagiolo, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Mario.

On Saturday, June 25, ESMERALDA.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 25, supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera. To commence at two o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) FAUST. Mephistopeles, M. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentino, Mr Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, June 20, IL TROVATORE. Manrico, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Raguer; Ruiz, Signor Archinti; Un Zingaro, Signor Trevero; Ines, Madame Corsi; Azucena, Mdlle. Cari; and Leonora, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (her second appearance in that character in London.)

Tuesday, June 21, Rosini's Opera, OTELLO.

Thursday, June 23, LES HUGUENOTS. Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mongini; il Conte di St. Bris, M. Faure; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Marcello, Signor Foli; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Rinaldini; Tavannes, Signor Archinti; De Cossi, Mr. Lyall; De Retz, Signor Trevero; Meru, Signor Castelli; Maurevert, Signor Zoboli; Coprifuoco, Signor Raguer; Dama d'Onore, Madame Corsi; Bohemienne, Mdlle. Fioretti; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Valentina, Madame Barbot (her first appearance in London).

On Saturday, June 25, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville as Henry Little.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—7.30, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN (by desire)

GAIETY.—In THE FIRST NIGHT (Comic Drama, one act).

GAIETY.—At a Quarter to Nine, Offenbach's latest and most popular three-act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 54th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

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GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

GAIETY.—No fees. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages 11.15.

GAIETY.—PERFECT VENTILATION.

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S BENEFIT, MONDAY, June 20.—UNCLE DICK'S DARLING (2nd act). Mr. Tom Taylor's comic drama, OUR CLERKS. THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. And THE STEEPLECHASE.—GAIETY THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—LAST NIGHTS of FROU-FROU.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD will make her first appearance as PHŒBE, in "Paul Pry," on MONDAY NEXT.—Box-office eleven to six.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, FROU-FROU, by special desire. Entirely new Parisian costumes. Miss Hazlewood and a powerful cast. Commence at 7.30.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On MONDAY, PAUL PRY. New Scenery and costumes. Mrs. John Wood as Phœbe.

MISS HAZLEWOOD as FROU-FROU, at ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, THIS EVENING.

MR. HINGSTON'S BENEFIT, ST. JAMES'S. On WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 22, benefit of Mr. Hingston (Acting Manager), on which occasion will be performed PAUL PRY, DOCTOR DAVY (in which Mr. Hermann Vezin has kindly volunteered to play David Garrick), and other entertainments.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. C. T. Burleigh. Best ventilated and most comfortable Theatre in London. Brilliant success of Mr. Roberts's grand original drama, BEHIND THE CURTAIN, nightly received with a perfect storm of acclamation, and pronounced by press and public the hit of the day. Crowded nightly. To insure seats, the public is respectfully requested to book in advance. EVERY EVENING, at eight.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30., a new Farce, entitled THE ABSENT MAN. At 8.15, BEHIND THE CURTAIN. Performances terminate at eleven.

LYCEUM.—Last Twelve Nights.—LITTLE FAUST; Unqualified success.—At 7.30, the new Comedietta, HIS OWN RIVAL. Mr. F. Charles, Miss L. Morgan. At 8, Offenbach's popular Operetta, BREAKING THE SPELL. Messrs. G. F. Neville, Aynsley Cook, and Miss S. Dolaro. At 8.30, the celebrated Opera Bouffe, LITTLE FAUST, supported by the most complete troupe of artistes and auxiliaries ever brought together.

THE ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.—When Tennyson wrote this line, he must have had in view the crowd of lovely girls who nightly appear at the LYCEUM in the school scene of LITTLE FAUST. EVERY NIGHT at 8.30.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—126th time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY, EVERY EVENING, in 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN. "A most enthusiastic success."—Times. "Unqualified success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Complete success."—Standard.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LAST NIGHTS of Miss BATEMAN who will, THIS EVENING, make her 25th appearance since her return from America in her great character, MARY WARNER, in the celebrated domestic play of that name written expressly for her by Tom Taylor, in which she has achieved a recognised dramatic triumph, and which will be produced with new and correct scenery by Mr. Johnson. The entire mounting of the play under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. W. H. Liston. THIS and EVERY EVENING, during the week, at eight precisely, MARY WARNER. Mary Warner, Miss Bateman. Box-office daily from ten till five.

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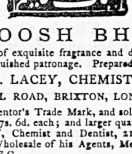

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